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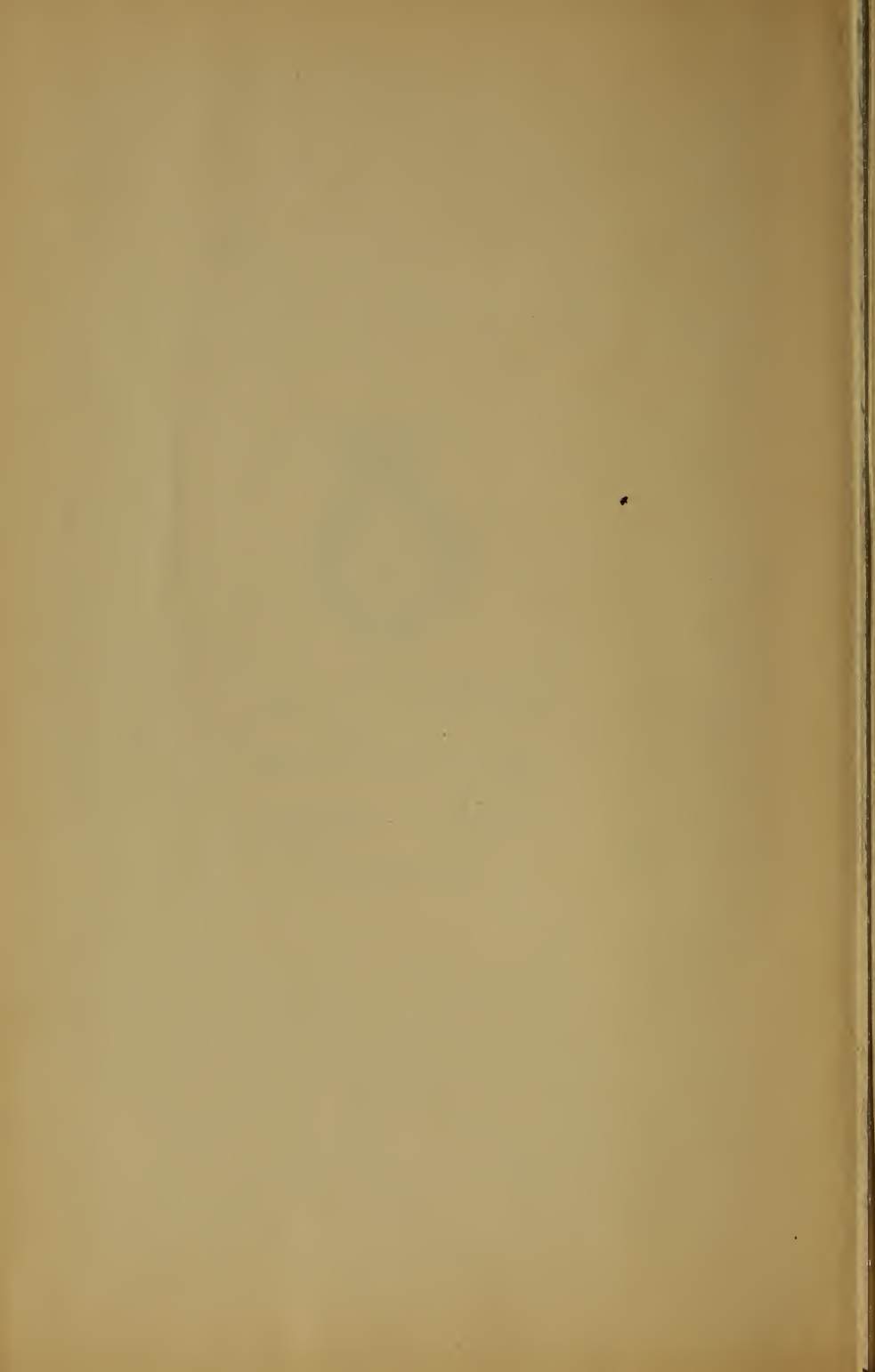


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LYRA AMORIS

LYRA AMORIS



"TO BE LOVE'S BONDMAN IS TRUE LIBERTY"

—Marston



PEGRAM DARGAN



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To Love



“ LOVE, that stronger art than wine !”

That broughtst great Cæsar to his knees,
And the world-conqueror madst resign

His scepter for thine ampler ease :

Pour out, once more, thy ruby cup,
And let me, dying, drink it up !

Thou victor o'er the stoutest hearts,
Thou conqueror of the strongest hands !
The wisest 'gainst thee know no arts,
The weakest as the mightiest stands :—
Binder of Samson with a wile,
And Israel's wisest with a smile !

Accept obedience from thy slave,
Who 'gainst thee never even strove ;
But full submission to thee gave,
And all received from generous Love !—
Thy captive by thee is not harmed,
But, in thy service, is new-armed !

LYRA AMORIS

Great Chief, allegiance to thee due,
Admitted by the wisest, I,
Tho' nothing wise, do offer you,
Thou sole and single Deity:
No king below, no god above,
Can equal or compare thee, Love!

Then deign thine ear our notes to lend,
All worthless, save thy praise they sing;
And to us still thy bounties send,
To whom our hearts we humbly bring:
All worth, all honor, still be thine—
“O Love, that mightier art than wine!”

LYRA AMORIS

THE CONQUEROR

SUNS may set and stars may fall,
Summer's leaf may lose its sheen,
Winter's frost envelop all;
Hope's strong staff, on which we lean,
May be broken—let it break!
Love can up the difference make!

Spilt may be the ruby wine,
Dashed the berry from the bough,
Only pebbles from the mine
May be digged; from Ocean's brow
And the rose each pearl be swept—
Dearer drops Love's eyes have wept!

Dearer dews than on the rose,
Fairer gems than in the sea,
Love can such rare things disclose—
Sole and only alchemy:
Lovers' riches can't be told—
Love can turn the world to gold!

LYRA AMORIS

The bee may roam in vain to find
Morning sweets in any bud ;
Be the kernels as the rind,
Bitter food for roving blood :—
On the honey of his lips
Love can live, tho' no bee sips !

Music, like a spider crazed,
May in discord weave her threads,
'Fore the porchéd ear amazed—
Love will weave anew the shreds—
Love will all the tangle clear—
Love will soothe anew the ear !

Monarchs' crests are paltry things,
Swords can conquer only dirt !
Victory to the King of Kings !
Victory to great Cupid !—wert
Thou beside me, then above
Kings I'd be, tho' slave to Love !

LYRA AMORIS

TO THE STARS

YOU gently trembling orbs above,
How sweet a fortune do you prove :
A heaven of blue, a heaven of love,
In which you ever fixé move !

How different from our fates below :
We love an hour, and sometimes more,
But just how long we never know,
Until we feel, alas ! 'tis o'er !

Yet sweet it is, tho' ne'er so brief,
The time to honeyed love we give ;
And lack of love is all our grief—
Ah ! could we loving ever live !

Then would we not even envy you
Your heaven of love, your heaven of blue !

LYRA AMORIS

THE CHARMER MOST CHARMING TO ME

O H! it is not the light in thy bonny eyes bright,
Nor the rich rosy red of thy cheeks;
And it is not the gleam of the soft-rippling stream
From thy forehead that thy little foot seeks;

It has far less to do with thy garments' bright hue,
Or with any rare gem you may wear;
And 'tis not that men say, when you're walking their way,
"What a queen!—what a grace!—what an air!"

And 'tis not your perplexing all your sex, without vexing—
A distinction for Greece or for Rome:
'Tis that sparkle of soul, that, like wine from the bowl,
Overflows from thy tongue's honied home!

Oh! this it is *takes* me, and this it is *makes* me,
O Charmer, your adorer to be;
Thus, thus, you have *captured* me, thus have *enraptured* me,
O Charmer most charming to me!

LYRA AMORIS

'TIS "CLEAR"

"CLEAR" is thine eye,
"Clear" as the sky;
Nor doth belie
Thy soul's rare clarity!

Sure is thy trust,
Pure is thy lust;
All honor must
Thy true sincerity!

"Clear" is thy name,
"Clear" is thy fame;
All men acclaim
Thy known integrity!

Clearly I prove thee
Worthy to move me;
Dearly I love thee—
It is a verity!

LYRA AMORIS

A TRYSTING SONG

PUT on your little blue bonnet,
With the blue ribbons on it,
And come, little *Sunshine*, down the lane!
I will be there before you,
With the same smile for you,
And I'll kiss you again and again!

And we'll not then talk of "weather,"
When we're walking there together;
But we'll shock the little birds upon the trees,
When I tell you how I love you,
By the blue sky above you!
And I'm kneeling at your feet upon my knees!

And, if this doesn't make you happy,
Then I'll think it very "shabby,"
And I'll never kiss you—never again!
But I think I know you better,
So I'm betting on this letter,
That you'll meet me in the same old lane!

LYRA AMORIS

Then fare you well, my Birdie!
If I do not keep my word, ye
Shouldn't think it broken by the drops that fell;
'Tis because I've died of sorrow,
Sadly waiting for to-morrow,
Only waiting for my little Clarabelle!

LYRA AMORIS

INDISCREET

WHEN a trim little foot,
In a bright little boot,
Comes tripping along down the street,

Says one little road stone,
To another little one:
“Did you ever see the like—ain’t she sweet?

I don’t want her to stumble,
But, oh! if she *must* tumble,
Lord! I hope I’m the fortunate one!”—

When that *other* little stone,
To his *brother* little stone,
Says: “You reason, sir, just like a stone!

Had you looked in her eyes,
Or above her shoe-ties,
Your conclusions had been more discreet:

LYRA AMORIS

Why to talk of her falling
Were nonsense appalling,
Even Folly herself would have known;

But, say that she did,
On a stone would she hit,
Who has everybody's heart at her feet?"

Then that poor little stone
Kept as silent as one
Whose business was paving alone!

O you poor little stone,
I had hopes like your own,
But now, little stone, we have none!

LYRA AMORIS

ON AN ATTEMPT AT SURPRISE

NEVER folly went so far,
 Never error greater was!
Pleasing, teasing Imp you are,
 Forth and show your pretty face!
 Think I know not you are there?
 View the proofs as daylight clear:

By the ripples in the lake
 Rain is seen before we feel it;
So thy presence still doth make
 In my heart waves do reveal it:
 That in vain it is you'd try
 To be screened and yet be by.

Shadows point to vulgar eyes,
 Feet that follow after shadows:
So a beam before thee flies,
 Like the gleam 'fore Him that made us,
 Without which He never stirs;
 Nor do you, or my sense errs.

LYRA AMORIS

Though you hide you in the roses—
 Pretty roses that so hide you!
Though the star the sage eye poses,
 Starry Elf, I have descried you:
 Cupid may be blind, but sees you—
 With my eyes, if so it please you!

Then, since I have proved my case,
Forth and show thy pretty face!

LYRA AMORIS

“DO I LONG TO SEE THEE SOON?”

I F the rivers seek the sea,
If for honey seeks the bee;
If the weary seek for rest,
If the babe the mother's breast—
If the prisoner would be free—
Then I long to be with thee!
If be bright the sun and moon,
Then I “long to see thee soon”!

If refreshing summer's showers,
If be welcome spring-time flowers—
Thou art welcome to me ever!
And full “soon” seems late or never!
Say I'd see thee every second,
Then how oft you shall have reckon'd!
Ask me when I would *not* see thee,
And to answer were more easy!

LYRA AMORIS

THE GREATER WAR

LET the fools war for the world,
Slash their jackets, cut their throats,
All my flags before her furred,
Save one white one o'er me floats:
At her feet I lowly kneel,
Conquered by far more than steel!

Though the navies weight the seas,
Though the cannon shake the center,
I gain more upon my knees
Than the all for which they venture:
There's no island worth a part,
There's no sea worth half her heart!

Let the mighty folly rage,
Let the stupid stare and gaze—
I in mightier strife engage,
More than forts I daily raze:
My sword I draw in greater wars—
Love alone can conquer Mars!

LYRA AMORIS

ON TIME

O Time! whose bosom, like a ship,
Bears treasures to a distant shore,
Tho' slow or fast thy moments slip,
Each day we're nearer than before!

Each hour in passing, like a wave,
Supports us, and, too, bears us on—
To him who waits Fate ever gave,
And, without patience, who has won?

Sole foster-nurse of great designs,
Best furtherer of high intents!
Time ripens heads, as well as wines—
In time we cut our "six percents"!

Our wisdom-teeth—and, better yet,
We "cut" some friend, 'tis Heaven to lose!
Time sometimes, too, out-laws a debt—
Which proves that Time can "beat the Jews"!

LYRA AMORIS

And Love, that ever 'gainst Time frets,
(Impatient, vain and silly Cupid!)

By time alone his best fruit gets:

That I must *patient* be—or *stupid*!

LYRA AMORIS

QUITE A DIFFERENCE

IT may have been pleasant, when Methusaleh lived,
And a fortnight long kiss would reward forty years;
But really, my dear, if the wise are believed,

Both our lives and our patience are much less than theirs:—
They could plan, for a century, what they would do,
And then have, to do it, a century or two!

Then a girl, like a hundred-year bloomer would bloom,
And a fellow'd take a week but to tie on his shoes!—
But, O dearest charmer, all the time we consume

In discussions like this, past discussion, we lose—
Then, come, let's be modern, and as moderns behave;
Since I'm not Methusaleh and you are not Eve!

LYRA AMORIS

MY LADY COMES

MY lady comes! and how my heart beats then,
As it had never beat, or could again!
O bonniest bark, O bravest of all ships,
Whose harbor is these arms, whose port these lips:
Sail in, sail in, proud bark! thy crew, sea-weary,
Will find on shore a welcome passing merry!

MY LADY SMILES

MY Lady smiles! as smiles no other creature;
For, when she smiles, Heaven's seen in every
feature:
Her eyes are stars, but softer light do sprinkle,
And, when she smiles, oh! how those stars do twinkle!
Her lips are roses, but no thorns between them,—
At least, if there be thorns, I've never seen them!

LYRA AMORIS

MY LADY KNEELS

MY lady kneels! and all above attend her,
To see who shall be luckiest to befriend her;
That, when she breathes a prayer into the air,
A thousand wings descend to answer her!
Her breast, they know, is such a true-love casket,
It is enough in Heaven if Clara ask it!

MY LADY SLEEPS

MY lady sleeps! O happy, happy, pillow,
To rest so dear a head!—Tossed on love's billow,
Could I rest find, I'd have no need of feather—
A softer rest I know, were we together!
My lady sleeps, with angels all about her,
But, were they devils, I would never doubt her!

LYRA AMORIS

JEALOUSY

MY lady wept, and 'round her sighed
Each damsel and each dame;
But not from sympathy they cried—
The truth I must proclaim:

But it was jealousy that moved
These ladies to despond;
For better than her life each loved
Some pearl or diamond;

That husband, sweetheart, friend had given
To brighten up an ear,
Or make a breast seem like snow driven—
That could not linger there!

But how, you say, could tears of her,
My lady, move them so?
Why, thus it was: in every tear
They saw a bright gem grow

LYRA AMORIS

Into fair being, then fall out
Its heaven like a star;
And instantly each knew, past doubt,
All hers were outshone far!

For what was any gem, possessed
By damsel or by dame,
Compared with those bright drops, and blest,
That kissed her cheek's pure flame?

The rose had owned her colder drop
Indifferently compared;
And, like those ladies, had lost hope,
And in their grief had shared.

"For Heaven's sake! cease, Clara, cease
To weep!" they did implore;
Till she must smile, to give them peace,
And worth to what they wore!

And, since obliging always she,
And for effect ne'er cares,
She smiles, at once, good-naturedly,
And saves them from her tears!

LYRA AMORIS

A WELCOME TO FOLLY

THEY say that the vows of thy sex should be traced
In the sands by the sea, to be as quickly erased;
That the dew on the flower will oft last as long
As the faith of the fair, that the cobweb's as strong;
That he who shall trust you will soon rue it well—
The very warmth of your welcome doth hatch a farewell!
That the wise only fly you, the foolish pursue:—
I admit it *in general*—I deny it for *you*!

Then, O happy Exception to such a vile rule,
I shall prove your adorer, tho' it prove me a fool!
I shall trust you, and love you—away with each doubt!
To live with you, I know, can't be worse than without!

Then, adieu to the *wisdom* I'm advised to pursue,
And a welcome to *folly*, so it takes me to you!

LYRA AMORIS

THE CONTEST

LOVE in her bosom, like a bee,
Doth store his sweets :
Sucked from her lips, her cheek, where he
Oft me defeats !

I lose a hair and he a feather,
Such the spoils are ;
We cannot kiss her both together,
And so we war !

'Twere wiser, you'll say, no doubt, *should* we
Divide the field ;
'Twere wiser truly, but how *could* we—
I'll never yield,

To tamely stand and see him light
On lips or cheek ;
'Gainst odds, 'gainst reason I will fight,
Greek against Greek !

LYRA AMORIS

Intoxicated with her breath,
I and this Bee
Will, no doubt, fight on, until Death
Takes him or me.

Give up he'll never, nor will I—
"Both fools, in sooth!"
And true—but, could you one kiss try,
You'd fight us *both*!

LYRA AMORIS

A GOOD-NIGHT!

“GOOD-NIGHT?”—how can the night be “good,”
That keeps me from that breast of thine?
What fool first named it such, or could
So think it, had no heart like mine;
Unless he lied, to see her smile,
With his heart breaking all the while!

“Good-night!”—how many hearts have broken
O’er those same words, I hate to think,
From the first night, when they were spoken,
Down to this one, on which they sink
Into my bosom like a dart,
Shot by Despair into my heart!

“Good-night!”—when it is so indeed,
Vain folly ’twill be to repeat them;
When lips on lips may freely feed,
Nor day nor night can longer cheat them:
Then will I say “*Good-night*” to you,
Meantime “*Farewell*”—or else “*Adieu!*”

LYRA AMORIS

THE FIRST THOUGHT, THE LAST THOUGHT

WHEN the last beam of day-light has sunk from the sky,
And o'er the dark night-stream we bend with a sigh,
Say, what is the thought, of all thoughts that arise,
Will then most warm the breast, will then most dim the eyes?
'Tis the thought of some dear one, fond, warm, true and kind,
We have left for a season or an age left behind!

And when morning, appearing, breaks red in the east,
Like a cup of the grape overturned at a feast,
O say in what guise will the day enter in?
Say how will sleep vanish and waking begin?
With the presence of Love, with his lips on our eyes,
Kissing off heavy sleep, bringing in heavy sighs!

Be it spring-time or autumn, be it day-time or dark,
Be we lulled by the night-bird or waked by the lark,
Still the first thought, the last thought, is his, ever his!
Be it old love or new love, still sweet Love's it is!
Yes, Love's is the first thought, the last thought—the rest
Come as strangers—he alone is at home in the breast!

O mightiest and dearest, most welcome and best!
He alone is no stranger—*he's at home in the breast!*

LYRA AMORIS

TO SLEEP

KISS, Sleep! her lips—her eyes—her brow—her breast
for me;

But Love will sigh when Sleep has fled away:
Ah! would that Love were Sleep, or Sleep as he,
That I might kiss her thus all night and love all day!

Sleep! give her then those kisses Love can't give,
That in her dreams immortal Love may live!

LYRA AMORIS

“GOOD MORROW!”

YOU feathered choristers that sing
Beneath my lady's window,
High time that you were on the wing—
Let this my song remind you!

Then swell your breasts, stretch each his throat,
From Love a sweet note borrow:
O, had Love but a feathered coat,
How he would sing “Good morrow!”

How Love would sing, how Love would cry,
“Good morrow to my lady!”
If Love had wings, how he would fly!—
Then for your task get ready!

O Love would sing as any bird,
The chiefest of your choir;
And, till she wakened, till she heard,
He would nor droop nor tire!

LYRA AMORIS

Then up, you birds! and stretch your throats,
From love a sweet note borrow;
Or, but lend me one o' your feathered coats,
That I may sing "Good morrow!"

LYRA AMORIS

MY DREAMS, MY HOPES ARE THEE AND HEAVEN

O H! if not in this lowly sphere,
Of woeful cares and weary waiting,
I yet may press thee, own thee *here*—
(Altho' the thought, my soul dilating,
Might make me doubt existence *there*—
What could exceed, or equal even,
The joy that thus to me were given?)—
My dreams, my hopes, are thee and Heaven!

If, doomed by the unkindest Fates,
We still must meet to only part,
Till passed are the immortal gates,
And suffered the all-conquering dart,
Yet may my soul—(thus sadly waits
The broken “seals,” the “angels seven,”
The “great deep” shrunk, the high vault riven)—
Thus earn its hopes of thee and Heaven!

LYRA AMORIS

Ah! if e'er prayer did merit heeding,
Thy life—thy voice must then be heard!
All suits of mine thy suit exceeding,
Waft thou above for me one word:
Make *mine* the prayer *thou* are not needing!
That I, through thee, may thus be shriven,
My errors purged, and I, forgiven,
Thus own my dreams of thee and Heaven!

LYRA AMORIS

LEAVE, O LEAVE ME SOMETHING STILL!

TAKE not all the light away!
Take not with thee every beam,
Tips the mountain, gilds the stream;
Leave, O leave me something still,
That will say there once was day
When the world doth darkness fill:
Leave, O leave me something yet
Like the stars when suns have set!

Take not with thee every gem
Filled the casket of mine eyes:
Leave one brightest drop with me,
To be worn by Memory,
When the light of heaven dies
On the mountain, on the stream!
Leave, O leave me something yet
Like the stars when suns have set!

LYRA AMORIS

THE SAME

A *CLEAR* and *living stone* thou art, by name;
Or just another star, which were the same:
Another star, like the bright *North* above,
Which sailors use at sea; so I in love
Direct my course by ever-constant *thee*:
Then shine forth, *thou*, that I my course may see!

LYRA AMORIS

AMOR INVICTUS

“**I**O!” and pæans to his mighty name,
Celestial Love and mortal, One-in-Two!
The light within the glow-worm is the same
That lights the star, or, mightier, gilds the blue;
The dew-drop and the huge marine may claim
A kinship in the sage’s ampler view:—
To shepherd systems be the Seraph’s art,
Thy sphere, O Woman, is to form the heart!

The stars were growing to me fainter ever,
The flower was less sweet than wont to be;
There was less music in the brook or river,
And less of Homer speaking in the sea,
There were less thanks to give unto the Giver;
But all is changed, dear love, since I met thee:
Changed is the heart, the eye, the ear, the whole,
Changed is the outward man, the inner soul!

LYRA AMORIS

The smallest star now holds a Cherub in it,
The meanest flower seems sister to the rose;
The frailest brook sings like a bowered linnet,
And ocean's thunder doth the strophe close!
Then "To!" "To!" to the Power Infinite,
Immortal Love, still conquering mortal woes!
"To!" and pæans, then, be ever sung,
To Love, the ever fair and ever young!

True, time will wither us, and bleak age chill,
Death's unintelligible law needs must prevail;
Man and the lily must their dooms fulfill,
Availeth nor her beauty nor his mail!
Yet Love o'er all shall prove invincible:
Then to the mighty Conqueror all hail!
"To!" and pæans to the Conqueror,
Who conquers Death, who conquered all before!

Hail! then, thrice hail! all hail! and welcome, Love!
For him prepare the wreath and sound the strain,
On earth beneath and in his courts above,
High festivals proclaim his golden reign!
Each heart shall hymn his praise, his ways approve.—
Death slays us, true, but Love redeems again!
Then "To!" "To!" and high praise be thine,
Superior Love, tho' mortal, still divine!

LYRA AMORIS

A GOOD-NIGHT

GOOD-NIGHT! good-night! may sweetest rest
Be thine, my loveliest and best!
And all the stars unite above,
To light thee to sweet dreams of love;
And every air, about thee plays,
Repeat what now thy lover prays:
Soft rest and dreams of love alone,
For thee, my dearest, thee, mine own!

Good-night! good-night! may sleep like dew,
Thy lids bedrench, thy breast bestrew
With opiate poppies, breathing peace,
Till every care and sorrow cease;
The while the Night her reign prolongs,
Till birds shall wake thee with their songs,
As soft, as sweet, as Love would sing,
Were he a bird, or owned a wing!

Good-night! good-night! may sleep, that flies
Afar from mine, light on thine eyes!

LYRA AMORIS

SONNETS TO A STAR

I.

BRIGHT STAR! if, like my heart, thou art in love
With some dear lady of the night, whose coming
Thou sadly waitest in the bowers above,
Whose welcome is the torch thou art illuming:
If love is with you, as with us, to suffer,
Then 'tis, perchance, thou pitiest, even now,
The vigils patient of a forlorn lover,
For her who comes not to her punctual vow!
Then, if our fancies do not dress you in
Imaginations only, but in truth ye are
Cleared spirits raised above this earthly din,
Of Fortune crossing Love, O thou bright Star!
Still must you feel, within your ampler heart,
A portion of the pain of which you were a part!

LYRA AMORIS

II.

Then, if aspiring dust give evidence
Of worthiness, at last, of such bright fate
As thine, within my breast e'en now commence
The here-on-earth beginnings of that date:
That if thine influence, as the sages hold,
Is potent still o'er this mortality—
The fiery leaves wherein fates are unrolled!—
Thou Spirit!—Power!—or Star!—whate'er thou be:
When to thy flamy porch she lifts her eye,
To hail thee brightest messenger of night,
Teach her to copy thy fidelity!
That *light* is *love*, but not all love "*light*!"
Then shall it not be all in vain I cite
Thy high "attest," thou *Brightest of the Bright!*

LYRA AMORIS

THIS IS THE DAY

THIS is the day! of all the days, my Dear,
That I keep holy, evermore revere,
When lip to lip, and beating heart to heart—
(Ah! so might Nature stand embracing Art!)
Thy fair white hand, still warm from mine, unfurled
My flag of happiness above the world!

Then, say, is it not meet that I keep "holy"
The day that made me thine, and happy fully?

Such is my feast day, too; and for this reason,
Since then such fruits as these with me have been in
season:

*That not a joy I've had but it was thine,
Nor thou a sorrow but I wished it mine!*

Then is it not for prayer and feasting proper,
When such rare fruits as these the twelve months offer?

LYRA AMORIS

ADVICE TO WOMAN

(*Apropos of Our Late Conversation*)

MAN may not need you, but God does, don't doubt **you**
To do, in man, what God can't do without you!

Seek not new-fangled notions, nor pursue,
Your mission is the old, but ever new:
To rectify the spirits of thy lord,
With thy clear smiles, and comfort to afford.—
Old Mother Eve, let her be still your pattern,
Fond, wise and thrifty, neither shrew nor slattern.—
Tho' meek yet steadfast, tho' innocent not cold,
No ear for scandal and no tongue to scold;
The modest Moon, before her lord, the Sun,
Hiding her borrowed light behind his own!
Keeping her hearth-stone bright, her heart still warm:—
This brings you honor, *this* defines your charm;
With *this*, besides, to you endearment lends:
To placate enemies, to imbosom friends,
To evidence bright virtue to the world;
And, where the sword is drawn, or the dart hurled,
(Wearing thy crown of pity, tear-emppearled,)

LYRA AMORIS

To kneel a visible angel in the field,
And make stout Mars once more to Beauty yield!

This, this, O Woman, is thy proper part,
This gives thee every tongue and every heart:
To pass the cup of comfort to Distress,
Which, ever given, never groweth less;
To raze out Sorrow's ever deep inditing,
And write, in smiles, a more delightful writing;
To shut the wounds of heart or flesh with balms,
And give to needy worth a word, an alms;
To bring the famished food, the orphan home,
To close Love's dying eyes, and deck the tomb!

This lays our hearts, our fortunes, you before,
This makes the callous love, the wit adore,
The old to reverence and the sage commend,
The saint to worship and the bold defend.

Whate'er you win by different paths, you lose
All these, doubt not; so weigh them, ere you choose.

LYRA AMORIS

FORGET ME NOT!

FORGET me not! forget me not!
Though to far climes you wander;
O let it not, no, let it not
Put two such hearts asunder!

But love me still, O love me still,
Where'er the bright stars under!
Remember still, remember still,
And on our parting ponder!

Can you forget, can you forget
The last fond kiss was taken?
And can you let, O can you let
Me thus be so mistaken?

O no! you'll not, O no! you'll not,
Though thus we weeping sever;
But love will live, and love will give
A true kiss back, as ever!

LYRA AMORIS

Then tell me not, no ! tell me not
That far, far climes can sunder !
But love me still, yes, love me still,
Where'er the bright stars under !

LYRA AMORIS

WERE SHE SITTING BESIDE ME

O H! sweetly the mockingbird sang on the tree,
And the breeze breathed as softly as Love ever sighed;
The flowers were blooming, the leaves danced in glee,
And all that I wanted was her by my side!

So the bright bird he sang all his sweet notes in vain,
And as vainly the breezes breathed softly and low;
And, though rare buds their incense did over me rain,
"What is all this?" I said, "It is fair, yes, I know;

But, unshared, it reminds me of what it might be,
If I heard with her ear, if I saw with her eye!—
Were she sitting beside me beneath this fair tree,
The breeze might grow rough, and the bird he might fly;

The rose and the lily might throw no perfume,
Were she sitting beside me—*I'm sitting alone!*
And my head is a clod, and my breast is a tomb—
I hear naught—I see naught—*I'm sitting alone!"*

LYRA AMORIS

ON RETURNING A GIFT

I CANNOT, like the noble Roman,
Give up a world for love of thee ;
But, less than worlds, seem all to common,
To be keep-sakes 'twixt thee and me.

LYRA AMORIS

ON LOVE

THEY say that Heaven's all love, I know love's
Heaven :
To us each day is holy, **not** one in seven ;
Which proves indeed, or indeed seems to prove,
Heaven, after all, less holy is than love.

LYRA AMORIS

DEVOTION SEASONABLE

DEVOTION changes with the styles :
With weather down at zero,
You cannot win her now with smiles—
The occasion asks a hero !

And, since I would my faith display,
And have her, too, remember,
Then I, who sang her songs last May,
Will this do in December :

Then, rather than she should be seen
Without her fur, I swear it,
I would peel off my own thin skin,
And smile to see her wear it !

And, more if any man will do,
To prove him still more true t' her,
I'll pawn my offering with a Jew,
And buy one that WILL suit her !

LYRA AMORIS

A GREETING FOR NEW YEAR

O F wealth and of fortune I've but little to spare,
But, had I the world, 'tis with you I would share!
O no! I would not cut the bright world in two,
But, as whole as my heart, I would give it to you!
And, when I'd surrendered the bright, brilliant prize,
I might find it again in the light of your eyes;
In a kiss from your lips, in a touch of your hand,
I would know I commanded the sea and the land;
And the stars would be lackeys, the winds would not blow,
Till I issued my orders of where they should go;
And the Sun he would stand, and the Moon she would hide,
Till I bade them go, shine, as I sat by thy side;
And I'd nod to the Fates, and they'd bow back to me,
And the brightest of lots they should still sort for thee;
And both Time and old Death on my bidding should stay—
He would waste not a sand, and he nothing would slay;
And the year would be Spring, and a year as a day,
While we ruled the bright world—if we can't, yet Love may!

LYRA AMORIS

Ah ! how different the fact—yet a beggar may dream
He's a king—and he is—what is lucre to him ?
And, though poor as a beggar, and of fortune bereft,
What care I for worlds, while your love is still left !
While your love is still left, I will dream as I do,
And each brilliant world shall be offered to you !

LYRA AMORIS

ON GIFTS RECEIVED AT CHRISTMAS

NOW I cannot get *wet*, and I cannot well *fall*,
Except deeper in love with the Queen of them all;
And as spruce as a dandy and as warm as a toast,
The only thing troubles me is—which I like most?

But of this I am certain, and for this I will fight,
That the thing you will do, is the thing that's *all right!*

Be it a question of *moment*, or a question of *Me*,
Be it done by *My Lady*, 'twill be done to a *T!*

LYRA AMORIS

LIKE THE MINSTREL OF NATURE

LIKE the minstrel of nature, so true to its home,
That, removed to another one, forever keeps dumb,
So thy sad-hearted wanderer, unlit by thine eyes,
Must needs droop 'neath the blue of his own southern skies;
And his voice will be mute and his heart be unstrung,
That he smote at thy wish, as to please thee he sung;
And *all one* if they tease him, *all one* if they woo,
Since he cares not to please them, 'tis in vain they will sue.

And O tell me, O tell me, why, why should he be
A *bright* thing, a *light* thing, when absent from thee?—
Yes, the skies may be never so fair o'er his head,
But his heart will be heavy and his spirits all lead;
Since uncheered by thy voice, since unblessed by thy smile,
'Tis in vain that another should seek to beguile!
He will listen in silence, or heed not at all—
He is listening for *one*, though a million should call!

LYRA AMORIS

But, restore that poor bird to the first home he knew,
And he'll sprinkle the kindness with melody's dew;
And he'll prune every feather anew in his wing,
And as free as he flew 'neath the blue he will sing:
So call back thy wanderer once more to thy breast,
And his pleasure will echo each string at its best;
And, forgotten the sorrow when absent from thee,
He'll alone then remember the pleasure to be.

But, deprived of that pleasure, whatever may come,
He will prove but a nightingale taken from home!

LYRA AMORIS

REMEMBER STILL!

WHEN flowers blow anew in spring,
And fresh brown coats are winging,
And every sweet and pretty thing
Is flowering or singing,

Among the rest, less pretty are,
Forget me not, my Beauty!
Or else, in truth, great pity 'twere
That you should show no pity!

And, when the frost is on the bough,
Or cold snows have displaced it,
Remember still to love, as now;
Or, faith—you have disgraced it!

My pretty eyes, my dainty lips!
Forget me then, and never;
And 'twixt our hearts, whatever haps,
There's *this*—no hap can sever!

LYRA AMORIS

MY LOVE A RED ROSE SENT ME

MY love a red rose sent me :
Which said to me, "She meant me,
 Sans rhetoric, art,
 To show her heart,
That would in all content thee :
 As warm as true,
 For only you!"
Said the sweet red rose she sent me.

And I, replying to it,
Said, "Sweet red rose, I know it!
 So *say* to her,
 The *way* to her
Bright roses still bestrow it;
 While thorns alone
 I'll find upon
Every other road—I *know it!*

LYRA AMORIS

And, so, I shall pursue none,
But the old road—and no new one—
 That leads me back
 To all I lack,
My dear, rare love and true one!
 So tell her, rose:—
 No need—she knows—
A true heart reads a true one!

LYRA AMORIS

OH! WERE OUR HEARTS AS ISLES AT SEA!

O H! were our hearts as isles at sea,
Where waves of love forever dashed,
How could they be more ceaselessly
By deeper, warmer surges washed?

Or, were we two kind neighboring stars,
In yon immense etherial blue—
I as another glistening Mars,
Another glittering Venus you;

A clearer welcome could we give,
A brighter, surer path pursue,
Were you a light did ever live,
And I a star did come to woo?

No, more we could not feel or be,
More deeply thrill, more truly love,
Were we, indeed, such isles at sea,
Or two such neighboring stars above!

LYRA AMORIS

“AWAY!”

STILL to sit beneath thine eyes,
Hear thy voice's silvery river,
This for me were Paradise—
Paradise I've lost forever!

Still to feel thy warm arms 'round me,
With thy loose locks lightly playing,
On that breast, where thou hast crowned me
Lord of more than kings are swaying!

Thus to live had been my glory,
Every wish to roam departed;
And a wanderer's tragic story
Had been smiled at, happy-hearted!

Day and night, and night and day—
Ah! the pain that I should miss it!
But a hand points me "*Away!*"—
'Tis thine own—I bow, and kiss it!

LYRA AMORIS

CLARABELLE

BRIGHTLY beam the heavens o'er me,
Clarabelle!
Oft I read their golden story,
And the world seems fair before me,
Clarabelle!

But for me no light there lies,
On the earth or in the skies,
Like the love-light in thine eyes,
Clarabelle!—
All the light it fades and dies
With the love-light in thine eyes,
Clarabelle!

I have heard the sweet birds singing,
Clarabelle!
Watched them wooing, watched them winging,
From green bough to green bough springing,
Clarabelle!

LYRA AMORIS

But, tho' sweet their voices be,
They are not so sweet to me—
All the music went with thee,

Clarabelle!

Oh! my heart is like a tree,
Whence the bird has flown—with thee,

Clarabelle!

All my joy with thee departed,

Clarabelle!

Empty-handed, empty-hearted,
I am like that bough deserted,

Clarabelle!

And to hold thee here forever
On my heart, or die so ever,—
That may never be, oh! never,

Clarabelle!

Ah! how cruel thus to sever
Hearts like ours—and forever,

Clarabelle!

LYRA AMORIS

Still thou livest in my dreams,

Clarabelle!

Still the present with thee beams,

And the future with thee gleams,

Clarabelle!

All is better for thy sake,

Who of Earth a Heaven didst make;

But that Heaven away didst take,

Clarabelle!

When thou didst me thus forsake,

Thou away my Heaven didst take,

Clarabelle!

Fortune follow, Heaven bless thee!

Clarabelle!

Tho' I never more may press thee

To this breast, no more caress thee,

Clarabelle!

LYRA AMORIS

May the Angels have care of thee,
Till an Angel thou shalt prove thee!
But they cannot better love thee,

Clarabelle!

*No, by all that's bright above thee,
They will never better love thee,*

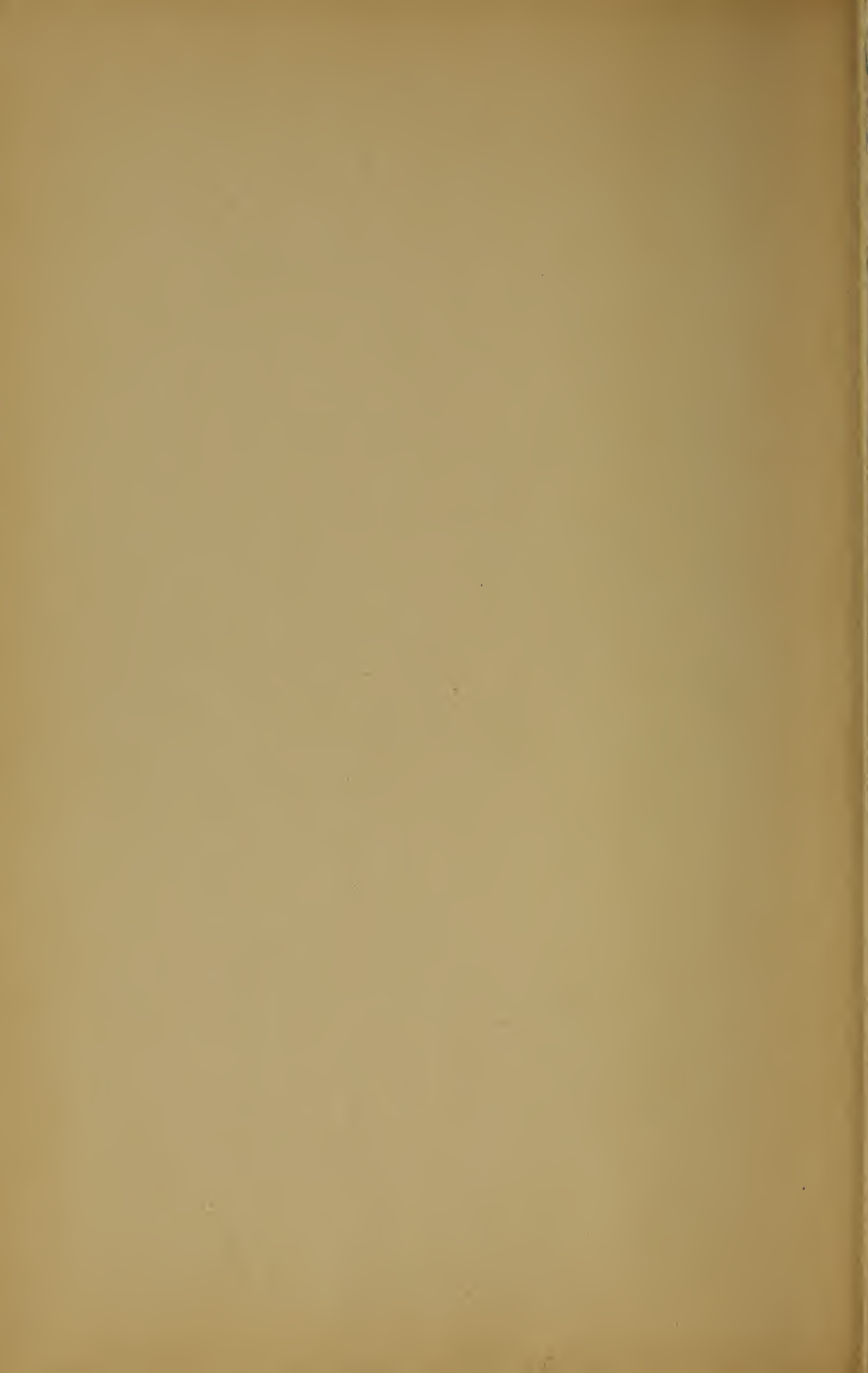
Clarabelle!

LYRA AMORIS

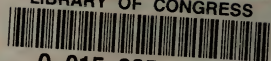
SATIS SUPERQUE!

W HATEVER men shall say in future days,
They must allow thy love was ample praise :
As the enchanting Waller fairly says,
"He caught at Love, and filled his arms with bays!"





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